Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Hastings will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloceſter, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnes shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Pri. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.
Pri. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cesar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cosen Buckingham,
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin. And if I liue
Ile winne our auncier
Or die a souldier as I
Glo. Short summe
Enter youn
Buc. Now in good
Pri. Rich. of York
Yor. Well my dre
Pri. I brother to o
Too late he died that
Which by his death h
Glo. How fares ou
Yor. I thanke you
You said that idle we
The Prince my broth
Glo. He hath my I
Yor. And therfor
Glo. Oh my faire
Yor. Then he is m
Glo. He may com
But you haue power i
Yor. I pray you V
Glo. My dagger lit
Pri. A begger bro
Yor. Of my kind
And being but a toy,
Glo. A greater gif
Yor. A greater gif
Glo. I gentle Cose
Yor. O then I see y
In weightier things y
Glo. It is too heau
Yor. I weigh it lig
Glo. What would
Yor. I would, that I
Glo. How? *Yor.*
Pri. My Lo: of Yo
Vnckle your grace k

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